

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

1st draft  
May 30, 1941

Old Booker T.

Was a practical man.

He said, Till the soil

*and*

Learn from the land.

Let down your buckets

Where you are:

In your own backyard  
~~Could~~ There could  
~~right~~ be a star.

Train your ~~heart~~, *head*,  
~~heart~~, and your hand.

To help yourself

And your fellowman,

Thus Booker T.

Built a school,

~~With~~ book-learning there ~~got~~

And the workman's tool.

He started out

In a simple way.--

For ~~(~~Yesterday

Was ~~not~~ today.)

Sometimes he had ~~com-~~

~~Compromise in his talk~~--

For a man must crawl

Before he can walk,

And in Alabama in '85

A joker was lucky

~~be~~

To ~~stay~~ alive.

But ~~mid~~ Booker T.

Was nobody's fool:

You may carve a dream

From an humble tool--

And the tallest tower

Can tumble down

If ~~is~~ not rooted

In solid ground.

He said, Train your *head*,

Your head, and your hand

For ~~to~~ smart <sup>neat</sup> alone  
~~surely~~  
Is ~~not~~ meet---  
If ~~and~~ ~~also~~ ~~got~~  
~~then~~/you haven't ~~got~~  
~~got~~ /something to eat.

*Train your heart*  
Your head, and your hand--

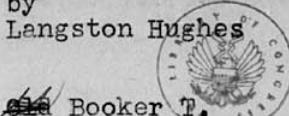
For Booker T.

Was a practical man.

[AC7059]

2nd draft  
May 31, 1941

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.  
by  
Langston Hughes



Said he, seek and  
~~at Tuskegee~~ <sup>not</sup> <sup>with</sup>  
at Tuskegee ~~at~~ <sup>not</sup>  
With  
Sometimes he had ~~com~~  
promise in his talk,  
For a man must crawl  
Before he can walk—  
And in Alabama in 185  
A joker was lucky  
To be alive.  
But Booker T.  
Was nobody's fool:  
You may carve a dream  
With an humble tool.  
The tallest tower  
~~may~~ tumble down  
If it be not rooted  
In solid ground.  
He said, Train your head,  
Your heart, and your hand—

~~can~~  
For Booker T.  
Was a practical man.  
~~Let down your buckets~~  
~~Where you are.~~  
In your own backyard,  
~~Where you are.~~  
Hear me, ~~the~~ <sup>is your</sup> star.  
Let down your buckets  
Where you are.

are  
bar  
car  
gar  
jar  
mar  
par  
rar'  
star  
scar  
tar  
far

[Ac 7059]

3rd draft  
June 1, 1941.

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

Booker T.  
Was a practical man.  
He said, Till the soil  
And learn from the land.  
Let down your bucket  
Where you are ~~said,~~   
~~Since~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ Your fate is here  
And not afar.  
To help yourself  
And your fellow man,  
Train your head,  
Your heart, and your hand.  
For smartness alone's  
Surely ~~'xxxxxx~~ not meet---  
If you haven't ~~xxxx~~ at the same time  
Got something to eat.  
~~THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1941~~ Thus at Tuskegee  
He built a school  
With booklearning there  
And the workman's tool.  
He started out  
In a simple way---  
For yesterday  
Was not today.  
Sometimes he had  
Compromise in his talk---  
For a man must crawl  
Before he can walk---  
And in Alabama in '85  
A joker was lucky  
To be alive.  
But Booker T.  
Was nobody's fool:  
You may carve a dream  
With an humble tool.  
The tallest tower  
Can tumble down  
If it be not rooted  
In solid ground.  
~~MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1941~~ So, being a far-seeing  
~~MAN~~ practical man,  
~~BOOKER T. WASHINGTON~~  
He said, Train your head,  
Your heart, and your hand.  
~~Since~~ Your fate is here  
And not afar,  
~~in~~ Let down your bucket  
Where you are.

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4th draft,  
June 1, 1941.

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

by  
Langston Hughes



Booker T.  
Was a practical man.  
He said, Till the soil  
And learn from the land.  
Let down your bucket  
Where you are.  
Your fate is here  
And not afar.  
To help yourself  
And your fellow man,  
Train your head,  
Your heart, and your hand.  
For smartness alone's  
Surely not meet—  
If you haven't at the same time  
Get something to eat.  
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With book-learning there  
And the workman's tool.  
He started out  
In a simple way—  
For yesterday  
Was not today.  
Sometimes he had  
Compromise in his talk—  
For a man must crawl  
Before he can walk—  
And in Alabama in '85  
A joker was lucky  
To be alive.  
But Booker T.  
Was nobody's fool;  
You may carve a dream  
With an humble tool.  
The tallest tower  
Can tumble down  
If it be not rooted  
In solid ground.  
So, being a far-seeing  
Practical man,  
He said, Train your head,  
Your heart, and your hand.  
Your fate is here  
And not afar,  
*So* let down your bucket  
Where you are.

[Ac7059]

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Langston Hughes

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And not afar,  
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Where you are.

*Langston Hughes*  
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Collingwood Farm,  
Monterey, California,  
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